Women Go Marching On

By William E. Towne, in The Nautilus, I heard Teddy's maiden speech in behalf of woman suffrage the other night, and the following day I saw the major portion of the great suffrage parade in New York city. After this experience one begins to see woman suffrage as a coming thing in the east as well as in the west. The opening night at the Metropolitan Opera house seldom draws a larger crowd than that which gathered there to listen

to Colonel Roosevelt and witness the suf-frage pageant on the evening of May 2. Outside the opera house at 8 o'clock was an immense but good natured crowd, trying to elbow its way through the doors. The wives of millionaires touched elbows with working girls from the East side. Men were far more numerous than one

Inside the immense building, with its five galleries and main floor, every seat had apparently been sold and permission obtained from the fire commissioners to sell 400 standing room tickets.

One hundred and seventy-five college girls in caps and gowns acted as ushers and made a striking contrast to the pretty women in evening dress whom they es-corted to seats and boxes. Two of the girls acted as pages or escorts for the evening to Dr. Anna Shaw and Colonel

Dr. Shaw ably assisted by a splendid orchestra composed of both men and wom orchestra composed of both men and women, opened the meeting by recalling the fact that 65 years ago the first woman suffrage convention in the United States was held in a tiny Methodist Episcopal church in New York city. At that convention two people, a colored man and a white woman, lifted up their voices in behalf of woman's right to vote. The man was Frederick Douglas; the woman was was Frederick Douglas; the woman was Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Dr. Shaw paraphrased Lincoln's famous

statement by asking the men of the Unit-ed States to make our government in fact, what it is in theory, a government of all the people, by all the people for all the

The speaker then presented Colonel Rosevelt who was given an ovation by his progressive friends. Men and women in all parts of the building arose and waved flags and handkerchiefs and cheered lustily, while the Colonel bowed, smiled and waved his hand at his delighted audience. It reminded me of the re-ception given Caruso in the same building a few months previous. But of course this was a sedate and tame demonstration compared with those which the Colonel receives at a really truly political meeting.
At last the subject of this storm of approval held up his hand for silence and delivered the opening words of his speech in his slow, forceful, staccato style, seeming to bite off each word as it fell from his lips: "Men and women, my fellow citizens." This caused the applause to

ripple forth again for several moments. Civilization, the Colonel said, was spreading eastward fast. The old idea of man as the master of the family was giving way to the nobler and higher idea of equal partnership. The speaker's deliberate and careful judgment, after as thorough and impartial an investigation as he was able to make in every state where woman suf-frage had already been granted, was that In no case had it produced damage in any form, but that in every case it had worked for civic, social and industrial improvement. He had received, the speaker said, a very interesting letter from Miss Ida Tarbel, giving many excellent reasons why she thought women ought not to vote. It occurred to him that if Miss Tarbel was competent to advise him how to vote, she ought to be fully competent herself to vote. In every community where women have been given the vote, it has meant so much less of power to the underworld. Out in Michigan, before election, the speaker saw placards posted in the windows of all saloons reading: "Vote Against Woman Suffrage." These plac-ards, he was careful to explain, he saw from the outside of the saloons. In con-clusion he asked that the ballot be given to woman, first, because it was her right, second, because it was man's duty to grant it, and third, because the best interests of both men and women would be

served by so doing.

The pageant which followed cannot be adequately described. The immense Met-ropolitan stage allowed the needed impresadequately described. sion of vast distances. I append a brief word picture taken from the New York Press:

The scene was the Elysian Fields by moonlight. In the background rose the Mountain of Freedom. At each of the white columns of the temple stood a white-clad sentinel of Freedom, watching over women sleeping on the terrace below. Hope, impersonated by Florence Flem-ing Noyes, appeared on the temple steps carrying a lighted torch. She came down the steps and lit a fiame on the Altar of Truth. Her handmaidens followed and twined garlands about the altar. Then with Hope they danced barefooted among the sleeping women.

At this point Woman, portrayed by Pauline Fredericks, entered, seeking to touch the flitting forms which always cluded her. In despair she knelt before the altar and was shown a vision of Freedom, far within the temple, standing with hands outspread and wings poised. The vision faded and a procession of the states descended the steps. The nine states in which women vote appeared with

a burst of triumphant music and mount-ed the temple steps. From the forehead of each of these favored states gleamed a

brilliant electric star.

Woman rushed after them, but was barred at the foot of the steps by the spears of the men of the states which have

spears of the men of the states which have not woman suffrage. She appealed to Justice, who parted the phalanx of spears with a sweeping stroke of her sword.

As they stood at the altar, Columbia, played by Lillian Nordica, appeared to the music of "My Country, "Tis of Thee."

Halting before the altar, Mme. Nordica waved an American flag and began to sing, "The Star Spangled Banner." Swept away by enthusiasm the audience rose. away by enthusiasm, the audience rose, waving American flags, and joined in the singing. In a second the house was a flutthe roof trembled with the echoes.

Thus ended the most impressive woman suffrage demonstration ever held in the new world up to the present time.

Home and School Report Cards. From the New York Independent

"I got 90 in brushing my teeth this month! What'd you get?"

This is the sort of question Michigan children are asking each other this spring, for the home-and-school report card is being tried out in Hillsdale and other counties as a new means bringing about increased co-operation between the teachers paid by the state and the more responsible ones who are not. The National Bureau of Educa-tion is interested in extending the experiment.

On a single card the parent marks the standing of the child in home work, the teacher in school work. Home the teacher in school work. Home markings cover the subjects of sewing, mending, bread making, cooking, set-ting and serving table, washing and wiping dishes, washing, froning, sweeping, making beds, dusting, the care of
younger children, making fires, getting
water, coal and kindling, feeding stock
or poultry, milking cows, barn or yard
work, garden or field work, errands.

brushing teeth, combing hair, dressed and ready for breakfast on time, in bed by 9 o'clock, cheerfulness, kindness, order and care of clothes, bathing table manners, politeness and thought-fulness. The teacher will mark the attendance at school, times absent or tardy, and the grades in reading, writ-ing, arithmetic and the other usual studies.

Five hundred cards have been sent to the county commissioner; these have been given out to teachers for use during April, May and June of the present spring. It is thought that both parent and teacher may accomplish much more in training the children with the all-around knowledge of the youngall-around knowledge of the young-sters' behavior and ability.

PROVES SUCCESSFU

School Specially Designed for Children of Georgia Mill Operatives.

A school specially designed for children of mill operatives is a feature of the industrial educational system of Columbus, Ga., according to a bulletin just issued by the United States bureau of education. The school was established with the idea of encouragaing attendance among the large class of mill children in Columbus, many of whom were not going to school at all

A handsome colonial residence in the mill district was purchased by the board of education for the new school. mill district was purchased by the board of education for the new school. Special pains were taken to adapt the course of study and the hours in the school to the conditions of millwork. School hourse are from 8 to 11 and from 1 to 3:30. The long intermission is to enable the children to take lunches to parents, brothers, sisters and other who may be employed in the mills. This is a regular daily task with most of the children, some of them earning several dollars a week as "dinner toters." The school itself is frequently termed by the children "the dinner toters' school."

Although the aim of the school is industrial, the "three Rs" are insisted upon even more severely than in the regular schools, because of the limited time the children have for schooling. "Although the prescribed course contemplates seven years," says the bulletin, "few of the pupils continue after the fifth and sixth year, so strong is the call of the mills. Not more than 1 per cent finish this school and pursue their studies further."

The three morning hours and the first hour of the afternoon are devoted to academic studies, while the last hour and a half of the day is given to

first hour of the afternoon are devoted to academic studies, while the last hour and a half of the day is given to practical work. All the boys are required to take the elementary course in wood work and gardening. The girls take basketry, sewing, cooking, poultry raising and gardening. The school is in session all the year around, and pupils are promoted quarterly. The teachers live at the school and keep "open house" to the people of the community at all times.

This school is only part of a carefully developed system of industrial training in Columbus that is intended to reach the needs of all parts of the population. Particularly significant to many communities is the industrial high school, the aims and scope of

high school, the aims and scope which are also described in bureau's bulletin.

Making Cities Rich.

From the Science Monitor Adolph Melzer, a wealthy Indianan, has deposited in a local bank \$5,000 with the promise that the principal and accrued compound interest shall be available in 210 years, or 2123, for the relief and care of dumb animals. In 2123 the \$5,000 will have grown to \$20,500,000. He also deposited \$1,000 for the city of Evansville to be available with its accrued interest in 250 years. The amount in 2163 will be \$20,000,-000, according to a mathematician who has figured it out.

THIS TRANSPARENT GOWN FOR BOSTON



This remarkable transparent gown was imported from Paris by a society lady of Boston, who will wear it at "tea dances" this fall. Ordinarily, the gown appears no different from the usual garment worn by fashionable women, but im-mediately the rays of a strong light

strike it, the transformation into an "X-ray gown" takes place. Various cities have enforced an ordinance against wearing modifications of this gown which seems to be finding favor with the ladies, and other communities compel the wear-ers to walk on the shady side of the

The gown is made of black lace and is worn over black silk knicker-bockers and black silk stockings.



Synopsis.

"THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Mountjoy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of foment and unrest; when Voltaire was breaking to pleces the shackles of religion; when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regenance was preaching the right to think; and when a thousand men, some in the gutter, some near the throne, were prep- ing the great explosion of the revolution.

Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to the French county, lingers on in Paris, enjoying the gay life there. De Sartines, the minister of police, thinks she has some other motive than pleasure in delaying her departure and surrounds her with spies to discover, if possible, whether she is dabbling in state plots.

De Lussac is a noble of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, there is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something of the visionary, the enthusiast and the poet, rare in that age of animal lust, chilling wit and embroidered brutality. He is, in fact, steeped in the philosophy of Rousseau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with a secret society that is plotting the downfall of the state. Before he has gone far enough to incriminate himself he falls in love with the beautiful Austrian, who persuades him his method of righting the wrongs of humanity is impracticable, and ends by promising to go to Vienna with her to live.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says several of their members are arrested, and entrusts the secret articles of the association to him. He then explains to De Lussac that their only hope is to intimidate the minister of police. This can be accomplished only by obtaining an incriminating contract signed by the minister of police and in the possession and safe keeping of De Richelleu, De Lussac's cousin, With his contract in their possession hey can dictate terms to the minister of police, ob

CHAPTER IX-(Continued.)

The carriage had turned from the Rue des Balais into the Rue Pavee, it had passed the Hotel de Lamoignon and was abreast of the monstrous high blank wall of the Filles Bleues when it stopped. De Lussac looked out of the left-hand window and saw approaching them the agent who had driven them yesterday. He had seen the car-riage approaching and signaled to it to stop. Without doubt he was aware of De Lussac's escape and had stopped the carriage to communicate the fact to Monsieur Beauregard.

This would have been the end of all things to most men, but this poet and dreamer so terrible in action, un-daunted, flung the door of the carriage daunted, flung the door of the carriage open and shut it again, turned on the agent, who was now at his elbow, felled him with a blow on the point of the chin, whipped his sword from its scabbard, and turned on the driver of the carriage, who, bundling off the box, fled toward the Rue des Balais, pursued for 10 yards or so by the man

sword as he ran, sprang on the box, seized the reins and the whip from its socket, and started the horses. The whole affair had happened with the rapidity of lightning, but several people who had been in the street were now shouting and running after the carshouting and running after the carriage; the coward driver had turned and was calling on others to follow him. Speed was De Lussac's only chance, and fortunately for him the horses were as swift as they were powerful. The long stretch of the Rue Pavee that lay before him game him his chance. He took it at a full gallop, turned the wide corner into the Rue Bleue and found himself out of sight of his pursuers. Then, reining the horses to a swift trot, he headed for the Rue de la Harpe, feeling that victory at last was his.

The precaution that he had taken of closing the carriage door was not the least part of his victory. With a swinging door he would most certainly have drawn the attention and perhaps pursuit of the people in the Rue Bleue.

suit of the people in the Rue Bleue.
Ten minutes later he drew up in the
Rue de la Harpe, dismounted from the
box and, leaving the carriage to take

box and, leaving the carriage to take care of itself, turned into the Rue Monis, a narrow street leading directly into the Rue Plastriere.

A few minutes later he was pulling at the queasy bell of the house before which we saw Madame Linden interviewing Monsieur Rousseau of Geneva.

CHAPTER X.

ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.

The unfortunate Rousseau had spent a most miserable day. He was one of those people who are destitute of the sense of humor, a magnifier of trifles. No sooner had he returned to his house with the packet given to him by Mad-ame Linden and placed it in an old

ame Linden and placed it in an old bureau of the room where he worked. than he regretted having mixed him-self up in the business at all. He had mixed himself up with an intrigue, the magnetism of Madame Linden no longer held him, and the deep distrust with which this extraor-dingry man viewed his follow-greatures

deep distrust with which this extraordinary man viewed his fellow-creatures
once more had him in its grip.

He sat down in an old arm-chair by
the spinet which stood opposite the
door of the dusty sitting-room, and fell
to considering the position. De Lussac he had known and respected as a
young man, wealthy, of noble birth
and fine appearance, who, despite these
worldly gifts, had displayed an earnestness of thought strangely at variance ness of thought strangely at variance with the frank futility marking the thought of the court; but he knew little else about the comte, except that he was an admirer and disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Unhappy Rousseau! Like many a great man, he had doubts of his own infallibility; he who doubts others be-comes a doubter of his own merits, and the distrust he had suddenly conceived for this pupil of his was spreading now

to himself.

He felt as a Buddhist priest might

sac had done, it was bad enough in the eyes of the government to result in his incarceration in the bastile.

The unpractical dreamer in the armchair, this visionary who, all the same, in the few pages of Le Contrat Social fissured the old world of thought like a ball of glass and freed the dream of man's freedom like a bubble; this glant who was also a child suddenly smote himself a mighty blow on the forehead.

him.

Therese had gone off for the day, leaving behind her a potato salad for his dinner. At 4 o'clock, urged by the sensation of hunger, he searched for and found the salad, devoured it and found that he had wrecked the music in his head; fell asleep, and was awakened by the ringing of the bell.

Thinking it was Therese returned, he hurried down, and found De Lussac at the door.

he nurried down, and found De Lussac at the door.

It was only when he had reached Rousseau's steps that De Lussac felt the effects of his long fast. He had not eaten that day, and he had gone through adventures sufficient to tax the strongest man

the strongest man.

He almost fell in Rousseau's arms.

"I am pursued," said he, "and, mordieu! I can scarcely stand. Shelter me, my friend, and give me something to eat; I am fainting!"

Rousseau, a rabbit a moment ago but Rousseau, a rabbit a moment ago but a lion now, cast his arm round the comte to support him. He would have defied the whole Hotel de Sartines, guards. Swiss soldiers, lieutenant general and all, had they arrived to claim their prisoner. For this sentimentalist, this dreamer, this timorous spinettinkler was a man at heart. Always fearful of the things that lay in the future, brought face to face with real ure, brought face to face with real danger, called on by real distress, he

ad no fear.

He led the comte up the rickety stairs, placed him in the arm chair, and, darting into the kitchen, which was also he parlor, began to search for food. He found a pie prepared by Therese He found a pie prepared by Therese for their supper, a bottle of wine, some bread and a knife, fork and plate.

When De Lussac had finished half a bottle of wine and made terrible inroads into the sacred pie, the blood re-

urned to his cheeks and life began for

In as few words as possible he told his tale from the very beginning, and Rousseau listened, astounded and per-plexed; he could not reconcile the man of intellect, the delicate, graceful and agent, who was now at his elbow, of intellect, the delicate, graceful and felled him with a blow on the point of the chin, whipped his sword from its scabbard, and turned on the driver of the carriage, who, bundling off the box, fled toward the Rue des Balais, pursued for 10 yards or so by the man with the sword.

Then De Lussac, running back toward the carriage and sheathing his sword as he ran, sprang on the box.

It was an object lesson in that most

It was an object lesson in that most difficult subject, man, delivered as if by heaven to this philosopher who had made mankind his study.

"Mordieu!" said he, permitting him-"Mordieu!" said ne, permitting nim-self for once to swear, "what you tell me sounds like a conte by Monsieur Tolbas. And is this Monsieur de Beau-regard likely to die of his wounds?" "I do not know," replied De Lussac. "I trust not. Should he die, however,

"I trust not. Should he die, however, my mind is clear on the matter. I did it in self-defense."

"Ay, ay," replied Rousseau; "in self-defense, but all the same, he acted from duty. You killed him in the execution of his duty."

"Pardon me" cut in the other. "Do

"Pardon me." cut in the other. not say 'killed', for I left him still liv-

But Jean Jacques heard him not. He had risen to his feet and was pacing the floor, urging by his infernal im-

agination. To kill a man in the execution of

"To kill a man in the execution of his duty is a grave offense. I am not speaking of the human law, but of that moral code which is part of the structure of the human mind—"
"But, monsieur, I have not killed him; and our quarrel was private; he insulted my hat, I challenged him, and fall. Such things happen every day

he fell. Such things happen every day in Paris."

"Yes, so do murders and larcenies. Stay; I do not wish to stand in judgment over you. Who am I to do so? But I think, monsieur, you have been precipitate. In breaking from prison you laid yourself out a course that inevitably entailed disaster to others, if not to yourself. Take, for instance, Monsieur le Duc de Richelieu."

"He is not hurt." "This Monsieur de Beauregard." "He wili recover." The agent-

"Whom I felled? Oh, mordieu! I wager he is even now joining in the hunt for me." Take myself. I give you refuge, but

in doing so I endanger my own very safety. You have been precipitate whereas you should have been philo-sophical." "In what way?" asked De Lussac, who had risen to his feet.

"You should have remained in his majesty's fortress of the bastile, and sent for me. I would have seen the king, I would have used my influence; your friends would have helped me—then all would have been well."

of the document which had led to all this trouble, simply stating that his imprisonment was due to his connection with the Society of the Midia rection with the Society of the Midi; nor did he tell him now.

"Monsieur," said he, moving toward the door, "what you say is true. My presence here is inimical to your safety. "You will not," replied Rousseau placing himself before the door. "No monsieur, you have cast yourself on my protection, and my protection you shall

have. Besides, you have another friend with whom I must communicate." feel whose Chelah has suddenly gone daft and run amuck—without the priest's religious stand-by.

What had De Lussac done? He did not know, and yet he had flung in his lot with De Lussac. Whatever De Lus-

told this, De Lussac sat down again in his chair. He saw the situation at a

Madame Linden had, indeed, in some miraculous manner, succeeded in gaining possession of the Porcheron paper. He remembered De Richelieu's words, the statement about her visit. Heavens, what devotion, what genius had been working on his behalf. She had risked everything for him—liberty and

honor itself. Rousseau noticed that the young man's eyes had become filled with tears, that his hands were trembling; his lips, too.

his lips, too.

"Ah, Monsieur Rousseau, Monsieur Rousseau," said De Lussac, suddenly leaning on the table and covering his eyes with his hand. "Philosophy-wisdom—what is it all compared to the love of the heart that never reasons and knows not fear? The izdy you speak of, the woman you saw today, has given me life and liberty at the risk of her own liberty and life. You have never seen any one more lovely than she, and you will never see anything more beautiful than her act. This packet for which she risked everything must remain in your keepman's freedom like a bubble; this glant who was also a child suddenly smote himself a mighty blow on the forehead.

Could Voltaire be at the bottom of all this? The pretty woman, the mysterious packet, the imprisoned friend: could all this be a plot laid for his ruin by that arch enemy, that brocaded monkey, that fat Francois Marie Arouet de Voltaire!

The thought completed his misery, and just as a child takes to sucking its "comforter" for consolation, so did our philosopher turn to his spinet. He sat down before it and struck a few notes. And now, mystery of the creative imagination! Though his troubles were not forgotten, they had in some magic way opened the doors of that temple of the brain where music sits and dreams.

An hour later he was seated at the table with some music-paper before him.

Therese had gone off for the day.

His mind was very much perturbed; alone now with his fears and apprehensions, he forgot everything but them. At any moment he felt that them. the police—despite De Lussac's assur-ances—might arrive, and even more than the police he dreaded the arrival of Therese. He could have wept at the mess he had got himself into. Then his mind sought refuge in sound; electrified by the troubles he was passing through, his musical intellect became again abnormally clear. De-Lussac, had he not been sound asleep, might have heard the faint tinkling of the spinet, and at dusk, when the comte opened the door of the work-room to take his leave, he found the master seated at the table, with a complete musical manuscript before

It was "Rousseau's Dream," destined to be tinkled forth on every spinet in Europe, begun in distraction, wrecked by a potato salad, and finished in the perturbation of spirit that drives some men to wine and some men to music.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAMPAIGN ON MADAME. Madame Linden, having taken her departure from the Hotel de Richelieu, drove to her house in the Rue Coq Heron. Her plan of campaign against De Sartines was developing into action with admirable precision.

One might have imagined that her first thought on finding herself in possession of the Porcheron document would have been the freedom of De Lussac. She, however, was quite unaware of the sufferings of the comte and absolutely ignorant of the terrors of the possession of the terrors. and absolutely ignorant of the terrors of imprisonment in the bastile. Her plan against De Sartines included the release of De Lussac that evening and it seemed to her that a few hours of imprisonment more or less did not matter. Assured of her power to free him. she put De Lussac from her mind. De Joyeuse, Madame de Stenlis, and Mad-ame d'Harlancourt she had dealt with and punished sufficiently for their petty offenses; De Sartines alone oc-cupied her thoughts. Her hatred for De Sartines had become during the last hour a passion; that word of insult spoken by him before De Richelieu and the others had completed what his acts had begun. Her heart held no mercy for him.

When she arrived at her house she dismissed the carriage, was admitted by Rosine, and went upstairs calling on the maid to follow her.

"Were is Placide?" asked madame.
"Ma foi, where indeed!" replied Rosne. 'In some cabaret most likely; he went out at 12 and now 'tis half past two and he has not returned."

"Well, never mind him, but when he returns send him to me. And now to work. My boxes must all be packed, for I leave Paris tonight at 16 o'clock."
"Tonight, madame!"
"Yes, tonight; and I give a small reception at 8."
"But, madame—"
."I know what you are going to say.

. "I know what you are going to say. You need not trouble; there will be no preparations or worry about food. Mon-sieur de Sartines will provide the entertainment." Madame looked grimly around her, then she went to her bu-reau and wrote three notes while Ros-

ne stood by waiting. (Continued next week.)

Homer's Birthplace as It Now Is.

From the Christian Herald. Architecturally, Smyrna must have degenerated since the ancient days, for we are told that then the streets were we are told that then the streets were broad and handsome, well paved and running at right angles with each other. There were a number of squares and porticoes and Olympic games were celebrated with great enthusiasm, a grand music hall at Odeon, a Homerion and many temples, of which the most famous was that of the Olympian Jupiter, in which the reigning emperor was practically the god worshiped. Jupiter, in which the reigning emper-or was practically the god worshiped. The ancient Smyrniotes were inordi-nately proud of their city; they called it the "First of Asia," though the Ep-hesians violently disputed this claim. The inhabitants also called their city the "City of Homer," who they claimed had been born and brought up beside their sacred river, Meles. They put his image upon a coin, which they called their sacred river, Meles. They put his image upon a coin, which they called a Homerion, a name given to one of their temples. Enormous fragments yet remain showing what tremendous buildings once occupied the broad plateau on the summit of the acropolis, and as one rebuilds in imagination these wonderful piles he can easily forgive the Smyrniotes of old for their

> Uptodate Ruralism. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The farmer who took in summer boarders greeted the new arrivals with

truly rural enthusiasm.
"I'm right deown glad to meet ye."
he cried, as he extended his horny
hand. "Heow's th' folks to hum?" The man of the party looked at the enthusiast with some suspicion.

"Farmer," he said, "your dialect strongly reminds me of the stage variety".

Backache Warns You Backache is one of Nature's warnings

of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year. Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame-if it hurts to stoop or lift-if

there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer head-aches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for bad backs and weak kidneys.



Mrs. B. F. BenMrs. B. F. BenSon, Andersen
Ave. Houston,
Texas, says: "Two
operations failed
to relieve my kidney trouble. I
had hemorrhages
of the kidneys and
passed pure blood.
The pain and suffering in my back
was terrible. I
was nothing but
skin and bones.
When I had given
up hope, Doan's
Kidney Pills came
to my rescue and
cured me. Today
I am in better
health than ever
before."

Store, 50c s Box A Texas Case

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S HIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

THE RAPION Used in French
THERAPION Used in French
Hospitals with THERAPION SAFE AND BEST, GOVT, STAMP AFFIXED TO ALL GENUINE PA

SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 37-1913.

Wall From French Jurymen. In France, as well as in England, jurymen have their grievances. The latest can easily be remedied. The French minister of justice has received an address signed by citizens figuring on the Paris jury lists, protesting against the bare appearance of the courts where they have to sit. They point out that if-tired of looking at the judges, counsel, witnesses and other parties to a suit-they turn their eyes upon the walls, nothing but an inartistic paper meets their gaze. In order to relieve this deadly monotony they beg that a print of Prudhon's famous picture, "Justice in Pursuit of Crime," may be hung in each court.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of
CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chart Hiltehore.
In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Looney Season Begins.

"Golf? Why, man, you're crazier than a loon. The idea of a fellow on a hot day like this going out and clubbing around a little white pill in the sun!

"What are you going to do?" "Who, me? I'm going to get a rowboat and pull over the lake and try

to get some fish." "Fish? The last fish was caught out of that lake three years ago."

"Well, I know that. Suppose I don't get any fish, I've had a tiptop boat ride, haven't I?"

Haste Unnecessary.

"Hurry up that order!" said a traveler in a railroad eating house down south. "I'm afraid I'll miss my train!" "Yas, sah, boss!" the waiter answered as he hurried off.

After what seemed an almost interminable wait to the traveler, he returned with the food. As he set it down he asked:

"Is you de gentlemans what feared he'd miss de train?" "Yes," was the reply.

"Well, you needn't be feared ob dat, sah, no mo'.'

"Good! Is it late?" the traveler inquired. "No, sah, it's done gone!" was the waiter's affable and reassuring re-

Know Him? "Why does Noknob wear that uniform ?" "He's a scout."

sponse.

"What kind?"

"A good old." Some of our relatives are about as eseless to us as empty tomato cans.

THE DOCTOR'S GIFT Food Worth Its Weight in Gold.

We usually expect the doctor to put as on some kind of penance and give

as bitter medicines. A Penn. doctor brought a patient something entirely different and the Pesults are truly interesting.
"Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of acute indigestion and biliousness, being al-

our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found some-thing for me to eat. "He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts and even as its golden color might suggest it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying

lowed to eat very few things. One day

one thing after another to no avail, but consented to try this new food. "Well! It surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-

"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My mind was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth,

and this condition has continued."
"There's a Reason." Name given by
Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read

"The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.